

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back,"

\$1.00 A YEAR, Awa.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1897.

NUMBER

For THE HERALD.]

"THE DRAKE" GIVES ADVICE.

Society is divided into two classes as regards moral condition, and every reader of THE HERALD who lives to manhood or womanhood will take a position in one of these classes. I think that we should discourage the use of spiritual liquors. Never treat any one, nor allow any one to treat you as a mere compliment. You should not enter a grogshop nor form a habit of taking a dram when you go to town. These little beginnings may end in painful results. Thousands have been utterly ruined by the use of spirits, therefore you have reasons to beware. The place you frequent and the company you keep will have much to do in molding your character in the eyes of the world as well as fixing the habit that will follow you through life. As the bullet is shaped by the molds, so your habit and thought will be shaped by the company you keep. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." Persons who drink or indulge in profanity are not likely to be of any use to you. You should never make them feel that you are above them, but you should never seek the company of persons unless you feel willing that the public should class you with them, for you will, in the eyes of the public, be classed with the company you keep. "Birds of a feather flock together," is a saying I have heard; I have read of a dog called Tray who was sorely beaten for being in bad company. How desirable that you should reach manhood or womanhood without a spot on your good name! You can not be too careful to guard yourself in these things.

Your own good behavior in company will add much to your credit in the world if your language is chaste, modest and sensible, and your actions in good taste. At church take pains to observe good order; listen to the sermon, no matter how contrary to your views it is. When meeting is over go quietly out and indulge in no loud talking or laughing while about the house; avoid all foppish or strutting in company. These things are disgusting to all sensible people. Never suffer yourself to talk in a whining manner. Talk plainly and in the same common way you do at home or at school, and walk in a natural, easy way in company. It is a sad sight to see young ladies entering a church, as we sometimes see them, in a proud and haughty manner. Strutting shows a want of common sense, therefore avoid it. Don't speak unnecessarily of the faults of others; it will cause them to look for your faults, and you are sure to have them. "Let other men praise thee and not thyself," says the wise man. Form a habit of cheerfulness when in company, it will make your company pleasant to others. Never be hasty to give your advice or opinion. Remember the proverb, "A fool is known by his multitude of words." Franklin has it, "A still tongue makes a wise head." Make it a point when in company to earn something; if the conversation is unedifying you could bring up something that would be profitable.

Economy should be carefully cultivated; your future happiness greatly depends upon it. It is a sad sight to see young men wasting their time running over the country with a bottle of liquor in one pocket and a pistol in the other. Remember, "A penny saved is a penny earned." Bear in mind there are many rats set to catch the fruits of your labor. Every lottery in the land is a snare and should be let alone. Keep your eyes on book peddlers, lightning rod peddlers, patent rights peddlers. You are in danger of getting bit by them, and when they bite you they will tug at your folly.

Faithfulness and punctuality are of great importance. Whenever you make a promise, however small, charge your mind with it and do it, if it be to mail a letter, pay a small sum of money, bring a little article from town, or bear a message for a friend. Make it a point to live up to your word. It will be a part of your character and will be of great worth to you. In this way you will get good credit; your word becomes

as good as your note with good security. You should set a high estimate on your word and so live that others will follow you. This is the sure road to usefulness and happiness and honor. Young men, run in it.

Control your temper. Form a habit of governing yourself. You can accustom yourself to anger on every provocation, or you can cultivate a quiet, even temper. When a man is drunk he is not fit to act or speak. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty." "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." The man who controls his temper while others are abusing him is a greater conqueror than he that takes a garrisoned city. Your enemy while in rage is a fool, and it is your duty to make a pleasant answer. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." "A cold hammer molds and shapes the hot iron." If you keep cool you may have your own way in the end and feel much better yourself and have the approval of others.

You will of necessity have to take an interest in the political affairs of our country. We all have reasons to love our government that has for so long a time secured to us the right we enjoy, and you should embrace such views as will best maintain our institutions. Do not be governed by a low party spirit, but let your views be elevated, broad and national; let your aims be to promote the general good, bearing in mind that all the goodness is not in one party nor in the other. These sentiments within you will lead you to talk with moderation to others and your views will be better respected and your influence greater by pursuing a conservative course. Be honest and conscientious in your actions and never seek to carry your end by unlawful means. Our institutions are in greater danger from bribery than from any other cause. If the people are left to act with no influence over them but reason and sound argument our government is safe, but if bribery rules we will drift to ruin. Never in any way countenance unlawful means to carry political ends.

Gold Standard and Protection.

When Mr. McKinley, now president of these United States, was advocating the now famous McKinley tariff bill from the floor of the house of representatives in congress, he produced and read a letter from William Barbour, a stockholder and director of the Barbour flax spinning company, of Paterson, N. J., in which he stated that "the pay roll of the two mills, as recently compared, differed only about \$500, the number of hands employed in the Irish mill being 2,900 against 1,400 in the Jersey mill." Why is this? Is it not because the single gold standard prevails in England, and is it not true that manufacturers advocate both the single standard and a protective tariff? Mr. McKinley also stated that "the Singer sewing machine company maintains a factory in Glasgow, Scotland, as well as its works in New Jersey. It employs one-third more hands in its Scotch establishment, yet its pay roll there is only half that of its American works." He further stated that the machine manufactured in Scotland costs more (sells for more) than a sewing machine in America. Mr. McKinley further stated that "the Boston thread and twine company was paying three times the average wages paid for similar labor throughout England." But England is under the single gold standard, and Mr. McKinley and party want both a protective tariff and the single gold standard. In whose interest? The gold standard to insure low wages. The protective tariff to bar out all cheap supplies for the poor. All this in whose interest?—Eminence Constitutionalist.

A panther was prowling in the neighborhood of Rothwell last week, and Perrin Ingram hunted it with a pack of dogs. They came across the varment in Indian creek vicinity, and the dogs were badly used up. The panther is still at large.

PERFECT and permanent are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it makes pure, rich, healthy, life and health-giving **BLOOD**.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondents will please bear in mind that all communications must be received at this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure publication in the current issue.]

WOLFE COUNTY.

Campton Currency.

J. C. Tolson went to Jackson last week. J. A. Sewell, of Lane, was in town last week.

Born, on April 1, to the wife of Geo. Halsey, a fine girl.

C. T. Byrd, of Lee City, was in town last week on business.

Representative J. C. Lykins paid home a visit the latter part of last week.

Conrad Cable, whose illness was mentioned in last week's Currency, died on the 3d inst.

Five of the students of H. G. A. came over last Saturday and paid the K. W. college a visit.

Two Mormon preachers were in town last week trying to convert the people to Mormonism.

Rev. Tom Hornsby, a heaven-born soldier, preached to good congregations at the M. E. church Saturday and Sunday. Rev. West occupied the pulpit Sunday night, and in his plain, demonstrative, logical way delivered an excellent sermon.

April 5. BRAD MATTOON.

Lane Lilies.

Miss Zerilda Sewell is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. William Hollon is quite ill at her home.

James A. Sewell went to Campton this week on business.

John T. Graham went to Jackson last week to buy \$5.62½ worth of goods.

G. W. King cut himself with an ax the other day, inflicting a severe wound.

The people of this place have been expecting a wedding, but Joe says she went square back on him.

Rev. Henry Taylor, of Stillwater, preached a very interesting sermon at Bailey Field school house Saturday.

The big, famous J. C. Tolson, of "Possum Trot," passed through here last week en route to Jackson. He stopped at M. H. Burkhardt's long enough to give Alice a few hints.

Died, on the 28th ult., after a long illness of measles, J. L. Terrell, whose illness has been mentioned before in the Lilies. His death is regretted by all, and the bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire neighborhood.

April 5. GOLD BUG.

Toliver Tonics.

Boone McNabb is on the sick list.

James Elkins was the guest of his best girl Sunday.

Uncle Wash Lewis sprained his ankle and is suffering much pain.

Aunt Liza McNabb is confined to her home with sickness, but hope she will soon be out again.

Jeff, the prodigal son of Uncle Bill Toliver, has returned home to his father from a journey through the Indian Territory.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father, John Landrum to Miss Frances Brewer, Rev. Davis officiating. May their lives be long and prosperous, and may all their troubles be "little ones."

April 6. SHIN.

MORGAN COUNTY.

West Liberty Whisperings.

Gardening and house cleaning is the order of the day.

Mrs. T. J. Henry, of Mt. Sterling, is visiting in town.

J. T. West died at his home near town last Wednesday of heart trouble.

W. F. Caskey is building a steamboat to run between West Liberty and Farmers.

Robert Dicken made a flyg trip to Hazel Green last week. Gess to see his best girl.

The candidates closed out peaking at

Walnut Grove last Saturday. The boys have one more week before starting up Salt river.

Born, to the wife of C. M. Keyser, a 10-pound boy. Charlie is the proudest man in town.

Bra. Ison, pastor at this place, preached two interesting sermons at the Methodist church Sunday.

Bros. W. B. and Willis Lykins, of Grassy, preached at the Wells school house last Saturday and Sunday.

W. C. Kendall, the silver tongued orator of the mountains, says he is in it for the nomination for county attorney.

Look here, are you never going to bring confidence over this way? Can't Henry Pieratt bring us a barrel or so? What say you, Henry? We have exercised and exercised, and no confidence yet. You know we were told as soon as McKinley took his seat it would come around all right.

April 6. 16-TO-1.

Consolation Chat.

Armita Gillaspie has moved to Herbert Nickel.

Two Mormon preachers were the guests of R. D. Motley Thursday night.

What has become of "Wingless" that we have the chat no more? Move out, Cap.

Isaac Gillaspie, of Torrent, is visiting the family of Greenville Taulbee this week.

Barnett Blankenship started this morning to oversee the big sawmill at Buck creek.

Dr. W. L. Gevedon will preach at Consolation church Saturday at 3 o'clock, and Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Jas. Blankenship, of Vortex, was in Consolation neighborhood this week visiting relatives and friends.

April 6. THE DRAKE.

Ezel Exotics.

Miss Lizzie Pieratt, of H. G. A., is at home to spend a week with her parents.

Election passed off quietly at this place, giving Hager 78 majority to Bryan's 109 last November.

Carl Kash and James Davis, while boat riding Monday evening, were completely capsize, but fortunately made their way to the shore.

R. A. Hord and Morton Pieratt, of Maytown, two H. G. A. students, were in our little city Monday prospecting. Well, well, we shall not say any more.

Tammie Daniel, who is attending the normal school at Morehead, spent last week with his parents at Ezel. He returns today, accompanied by his sister, Miss Eddie, who will matriculate for the remainder of the term.

April 6. O. K.

Maytown Missiles.

Miss Eliza Henry, of Ezel, was visiting Miss Rose Sample Sunday and Monday.

Whole number of votes cast at the Blackwater precinct was 208, Hager receiving 143, and Atkinson 65.

Rev. Frank Thomas, of West Liberty, was visiting in town last week in the interest of his candidacy. He is not claiming to have been brought out by his many friends but is running on his own merits.

Hope for better weather after the primary Saturday. There is but little doing; roads almost impassable; sidewalks down and partly washed away. The ladies of our town have taken the lead in improving the streets, etc. One of the ladies borrowed our wagon last week to haul coal for the church. So we are beginning to have confidence again, with most of our men electioneering that were brought out by their friends and can't afford to be beat. See?

April 6. WINGLESS.

For Sale on Easy Terms.

One hundred and four acres of land—more or less—situated on Greenbrier creek, on the Camargo pike, three miles from Mt. Sterling. Good dwelling and tenement house and all necessary out-building. Apply to

Mrs. HENRY WELCH, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

A True Picture.

How sad, how heart-rending the thought! The wickedness and wretchedness of the human race! Degenerate, degenerate! That which, when creation was complete, God designated as the "crowning glory of creation," seems to be falling faster and faster and deeper and deeper into the awful pit of wretchedness and destruction. Around every human being cluster grand and glorious opportunities. In this world are noble and sublime missions to fill, and in the various spheres of life all have an opportunity to perform a momentous and magnificent work. Into the bosom of all is instilled the spirit of manliness and goodness, else the spirit of wretchedness and wickedness.

Sad and horrible occurrences are bedimmed the sunshine and marring the beauty of the lives of those who would live in bliss sublime and contentment. A son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, a relative or a friend, has disregarded the teachings of a father and a mother, into the paths of folly and sin. Oh! it is a son, a darling son! And father laments, mother mourns, brothers and sisters weep. Grievous, loving tears! They have not the desired effect. The unruly, hard-hearted, wayfaring son gives no heed to the copious shedding of these loving tears, realizes not the bitter pangs of heartbrokenness, and onward and onward and downward and downward he plunges into the deepest throes of folly and sin, ruin and destruction. Oh, the cruel, wretched son. The spirit of demons haunt him in his midnight slumbers, and ghosts stare him in the eyes. Parents entreat, supplicate; the wild, reckless son goes on from worse to worse in folly and sin, sowing his wild oats. Does he reflect? Yes, finally so. He looks back over the field of his wild oats. Everything comes up clearly before his eyes. It presents a picture with no charm, beauty or attraction. It is an unsightly picture blackened with the clouds of folly and sin. Poor weary, sin-diseased soul! Far, far away from the flowery paths of manliness and goodness. He weeps; he sobs; he meditates; he dreams. His mind runs back to his parents, and he thinks of the sorrow and misery his wild, unpretentious, sinful career has given them. It is one bit too late, too late! He has worn—no "troubled" their lives away, and they now sleep their sleep in the lonesome and silent cemetery.

Now bereft of his dearest friends, his only friends, the tears begin to dry up and Satan re-temper his heart. He continues in degradation and sin. Tears have been shed, prayers offered in his behalf, but he has sinned away his "day of grace." The death summons is given, and his soul, unprepared, accompanied with all the agonies of death, sinks down and down and down into the lake of fire and brimstone that burns eternal. Take warning, oh, you wild, reckless disobedient boys! Don't spend your life away in idleness, drunkenness, disobedience, theft, burglary and all manner of evil. Don't spend it away in degradation, folly and sin. The end of such lives is torment and destruction. Be obedient and heed the advice of your parents. Then crime will cease. Then parents will be happy. Then the stars will once again sing together in their glory; the angels of heaven shout a glorious jubilee, and the people will rejoice as they never did before.

Campton, Ky. BENJ. SEWELL.

The convict as a road maker has been the subject of some controversy, but on the whole has been fairly well admitted that the one was the solution of the other. The warden at one of the New York state prisons, taking advantage of the enforced idleness on the part of many convicts, owing to a recently passed law stopping the sale of any prison-made goods, used them on the roads of the village with, of course, but one result—good roads. Two bills are now on their way to become laws of that state which will enable wardens to put convicts at work on the roads in the vicinity of two state prisons. With the object lessons which these examples will furnish it is to be hoped that the light of wisdom will shine over other legislatures.—Referee.

Pay your subscription.

IN TROUBLE.

Letter, parson, from my son away out west,
"My ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast
To think the boy whose futur' I had once
so proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right, an' come to such an end!
I told him when he left us only three short years ago
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row—
He'd miss his father's counsels, an' he mother's prayers, too,
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.
I know that's big temptation for a youngster in the west,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist.
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snare,
That he like hidden snarps in life's pathway everywhere,
But still he promised faithful to be keefin', an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud,
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind.
An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very worstest kind!
His letters came so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a trampin' on a mighty rocky road,
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,
An' in the dust 'ud waffer his ol' daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short;
I just can't tell his mother: It'll crush her poor ol' heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the legislature, but he doesn't say what fur.
—Denver Post.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

If ever a spoiled baby grew to a spoiled child, and so to a spoiled man, that baby, boy and man arrived at the last-mentioned stage about the time Clarence Parker reached his twenty-fifth year. His father left this scene of earthly change when Clarence was a crawling youngster of two years, and his mother, the sweetest-tempered little woman to be found, immediately commenced a system of indulgence admirably calculated to make a milk-sop of her only son and the heir to his father's large estate.
That he did not grow up vicious was probably due to the fact that he fairly idolized his mother, and would not have grieved her for any amount of self-gratification. Also, it must be confessed, because he was too indolent to care to seek pleasure that did not fall across his path.
He had been educated by a private tutor till he entered college, had graduated there, and traveled through Europe with his mother.
Mrs. Parker was a little woman, a mere mite beside her tall, stalwart son, who called her by a thousand pet diminutive names in half a dozen languages. She was blue-eyed, fair-haired and daintily pretty, neat to the extreme of nicety, gentle, low-voiced, and exquisitely feminine, yet withal with a well-stored mind and an intellect that made her a charming companion, even for her college-fledged son. Many a suitor had tried to win her from her one devotion, but in vain. All her love that was not her son's was buried in his father's grave, and she never put off the soft grays, purples and neutral tints of second mourning.
"When you are married, Claire, I will buy one pink rose in honor of the occasion," she would say. But at 25 Clarence had never given her occasion to think of the pink rose.
I have said he was spoiled, and in a certain sense he was. Without any vicious tendencies, he lacked the ambition and energy that are the attribute of a true, manly nature. Tall, strong, in perfect health, handsome as a young Apollo, he was content to dawdle through life, spending his ample income upon dress, jewelry, opera tickets, a well-appointed equipage, and the means of a lazy, useless existence. And his mother, proud of his beauty, his polished courtesy of manner, his devotion to herself, asked no more.
But she was a truly loving woman, and when Clarence was 25 was willing to concede her throne in his affections to a younger, stronger love, the love that would brighten her son's life with home happiness when her scepter was in the coffin.
And half proudly, half regretfully, she recognized the fact that the ideal of womanhood he had founded upon her example made him far too fastidious in his intercourse with the girls of modern society. A loud voice annoyed him. A brusque manner disgusted him.
"When I find a young lady as gentle, refined and lovely as yourself, madre mia," he would say, "I will move heaven and earth to win her. Until then, let me enjoy my liberty."
It was in the late spring, and Mrs. Parker was preparing for her annual removal to her country seat at Chestnut Hill, when a letter reached her from her cousin and life-long friend in Ohio, begging her to take charge of his only daughter for a few months, while he was absent upon a trip to the far west. He wrote:
"You have so often urged me to allow Myra to pay you a visit that I do not hesi-

now to ask your hospitality for her. I cannot well take her with me, as we are a party of nine men upon a prospecting jaunt. I do not like to leave her here alone. Will you add to your kindness by using the enclosed check for her dress. We have lived in this lonely seclusion so long that I do not doubt her who artifice will be startlingly primitive, and she has no friends here to help her select dress."
There was much more, read aloud to Clarence, with this explanation:
"My Cousin John became a hermit when his wife died, ten years ago. He is wealthy, and a man of learning, but he has buried himself for years upon a lonely farm. I have urged him often to send Myra to a good school, and let her make her home with me, but he said the child was his only comfort, and I believe they have been inseparable from her babyhood. She is—let me see—she must be 19."
Clarence made a grimace.
"When does she come?" he asked.
"Thursday. We shall be at Chestnut Hill, but you can come into the city to meet her."
"Certainly."
And at the appointed time, in a faultless suit of summer gray, Mr. Clarence Parker drove his carriage and coal-black horses to the depot. The train was just in, and he watched the passengers stream by till one answered his ideas of his expected cousin.
A girl, very tall, very straight and very handsome, in a dark, southern style, dressed in ill-fitting gray linen, with a plaid shawl on her arm, walked past him to the dressing-room, with a free, graceful step and poise of her glorious head eminently suggestive of country life in the west.
"She is a perfect squaw," Clarence thought, slowly following her to the ladies' room. The next moment, gracefully bowing, he asked:
"Have I the pleasure of greeting Miss Myra Delano, my cousin?"
"Ah, you are Clarence!" she said, showing two dazzling rows of teeth in a smile of frank pleasure. "Is Cousin Clara here?"
"My mother is at Chestnut Hill, but I have my carriage here to drive you out of town. Shall I take the checks for your baggage?"
"I am desperately hungry," she answered; "could we get something to eat while the trunks are being carried out?"
"Here? I could drive you to a quieter restaurant—"
"No, no; here! I could eat fried whale, I am so starved. I have had nothing but gingerbread and apples since yesterday noon."
There was no resisting such an appeal, and Clarence led the way to the depot restaurant and offered his cousin the bill of fare. It being one of his great points in feminine perfection that the appetite should be delicate and needing coaxing, he was absolutely shocked to see Myra Delano eat, such an indiscriminate jumble of provisions would have made his mother ill for a month; but Myra heartily enjoyed steak, eggs, coffee, pie, rolls, cakes, oysters, anything and everything, as the waiter put it before her.
She was not rude, did not eat with her knife or fingers; but she had not one of the little dainty tricks of manner that made Mrs. Parker's table etiquette so charming, and Clarence, trifling with his own luncheon, wondered if in six meals he could eat as much as this "squaw" ate in one. In his own mind he christened her "squaw," though he was far too courteous ever to speak so of her, even to his mother.
All through the long drive home, she chatted, frankly as a child, of her journey, her home, her anticipations of pleasure in her visit, and, while her voice was clear, ringing and musical, her language was well chosen, giving no jar to Clarence's fastidious taste, though he wished her tone more subdued. But her dainty hat, her cotton gloves, her stout leather boots, her untidy hair, were all an offense.
In his first hour alone with his mother, he implored her to buy some dresses for their guest that were not too sizes too big and seven sizes too short.
And Mrs. Parker, utterly overwhelmed by the tall, handsome girl thrown upon her care, found her life suddenly burdened with unwonted responsibility. First, there was a daily fight to settle between Lucilla, her own French maid, and Myra.
"But, madame, the dresses nevere will fit, nevere, if man'selle will not wear ze corset, or let me make ze fit," the maid would protest.
"I cannot breathe, all pressed up so, Cousin Clara," Myra would remonstrate, "I should stifle in an hour."
It was difficult to compromise, but Mrs. Parker, by exercising the patience and gentleness natural to her, finally presented Myra with a well-chosen wardrobe that gave her the freedom of lungs and movement she craved, and yet set off the magnificent figure.
The girl's own utter ignorance of dress amazed the little woman of fashion. She found that a half-yearly visit to the nearest town, an order to the dressmaker to make warm dresses for winter and cool ones for summer, comprised Myra's idea of dress. Scrupulously cleanly, she was absolutely without vanity, and as pleased as a child to note the improvement in her looks produced by a becoming arrangement of her abundant raven hair, and the tasteful brooch of bright color in her tastefully appointed dress.
The first time Clarence saw her in a dress of black silk tissue with a dash of vivid crimson here and there, at the throat, in the braids of hair,

the sash and sleeve knots, he was absolutely amazed at her beauty.
"If only she was not such a savage," he thought, regretfully.
But there was not one hour of the day that she did not jar upon his fastidious ideas. He rode with her at her request, and told his mother, confidentially, that he never imagined anything but an Indian or a circus-rider could so manage a horse.
He sang with her, and found that he must actually exert himself to prevent his deep baritone notes being overpowered by her ringing, powerful voice, full of sweetness and music, but utterly uncultivated.
He found her in the garden, driving the gardener distracted by her criticisms upon his plants, and proving all her theories by transferring roots with her own hands to spots of her own selection, where they invariably improved.
He caught her in the woods, practicing with a revolver, shooting at a mark; and she pathetically told him she was all out of practice, and only hit her mark at times in nine.
"I suppose there is no shooting to be had here?" she said, dolefully, and then described hunts she had taken with her father, in the far western woods and plains, as if shooting deer and squirrels were everyday affairs in a young lady's life.
Every day Clarence found some prejudice rudely shocked and every day he found new fascination in Myra's society. There was an irresistible charm in the very frankness of her manner, the daring of her movements, that were free as a child's, but never awkward or abrupt. She was absolutely ignorant of all feminine pursuits, knew nothing of sewing, housekeeping or the numberless accomplishments that made Mrs. Parker so fascinating. And yet she had an instinctive avoidance of any uncouth or rude speech or act. As Clarence once told his mother, she was thoroughly gentlemanly. She told Mrs. Parker once, in a sudden fit of shamefacedness for her ignorance of womanly duties, that she never knew a lady. Her father was not willing to have her associate with the farmers' wives or their daughters, and their only servant was an old sailor, who cooked for them. All sewing was done in town, and sent out to them, and when the garments needed mending, they were sent to the orphan asylum.
"Am I very dreadful?" she asked, in perfect sincerity.
"You are not at all dreadful. But I think it would please your father if you learned some womanly accomplishments."
"I could make him more comfortable! I never knew what a dreadfully rude home we have till I came here. Our piano is in the kitchen, and papa's books are everywhere. I don't suppose young ladies here have a rifle, revolver, riding habit and hat, whip and fishing-rod in their own rooms, but I have all of these. As for work-boxes and crochet-needles, I never owned either one or the other. But if you will teach me, Cousin Clara, I will learn to sew and cook, and make home pleasant."
And Cousin Clara, won from the first by the bright, beautiful girl, willingly taught her all she wished to learn. It was only in brief snatches she could learn. Sewing worried her; cooking smothered her; housekeeping accounts bothered her. Yet gradually she was tending down.
Only the spirit of mischief possessed her when Clarence was near. Knowing all his fastidious tastes, all his indolent, dilettante ways, she delighted to jar upon the one, and shake him out of the other. She roused a new ambition in his mind by her keenly-pointed sarcasms at his effeminate pursuits. She challenged him to races, shooting matches, pedestrian trips, and fairly drove him about by the laughing lash of her witty tongue.
It was curious to note how they came by degrees to a level, the one shaking off unmanly indolence, the other softening masculine traits, while the little winged god of love hid, laughing, unsuspected by either.
Mrs. Parker found him out first. Loving Clarence above all else on earth, her mother instinct taught her quickly the reason of the change in him, the influence that was giving him an erect carriage, a new light of energy in his great dark eyes, an added interest in the affairs of his own fortune, seeking for channels where it might flow to benefit others as well as himself. And reading the secret Clarence as yet did not himself suspect, Mrs. Parker exulted in her heart to see how Myra was just as surely bowing her free, frank nature to the yoke of love, softening her manner, tending down her joyous, ringing voice, training her hands to womanly work.
Autumnal winds were scattering the crimson leaves when John Delano came to New York for the first time in ten years, and was the guest of Mrs. Parker in her city home, to which the family had just returned. He came for Myra, thinking of her happiness to come back to his free life, and she grew pale at his very caress.
"What ails the child?" he asked, turning to his cousin as Myra left the room. "She has never so quiet as that in her life before."
"You will know soon, John. No, you may not now!" said Mrs. Parker, pointing, as she spoke, across the hall to the library, where Clarence had taken Myra. Just one long look into the two faces satisfied the father. "It will be well with her when I am

gone," he said, half sadly; and when Clarence came to him to win his consent to wed Myra he received him cordially and gladly.
"It will be lonely in the old home," he said, and Myra, clinging to him, brought him to go back no more to the solitary life of the past.
"We need you here," she pleaded; and Mrs. Parker indorsed the petition.
After the wedding of the young folks and their home-coming to the new house Mrs. Parker insisted upon their occupying. Cousin John fell into the habit of spending his evenings with Clara. They were so lonely, these middle-aged people, each deprived of a companion of years. They missed the "child" who had been the center of all love for each, and, talking often of their mutual loss and gain, drew their sore, lonely hearts into close communion, until Myra, walking in upon her husband one morning, announced:
"Claire, I have been to see your mother, and father was there, and—guess?"
"Well, I guess that after this, whoever goes to see my mother will be very likely to find your father there."
"You knew?"
"Not a word! Is it settled?"
"Yes. They insist upon a quiet wedding in church, and we can cease to fret any longer about either one or the other missing you or me."
It was quite true. The power of love that had so softened and improved Myra, so ennobled Clarence, had drawn the bitterness of their early widowhood from the hearts of John Delano and Clara Parker, and shed benign light over two happy homes.—N. Y. Ledger.

STRANGE VISION.

How It Saved a Woman in India from a Cobra's Bite.

An English woman of assured social position in every way was recently paying a visit to some friends in Hartford, Conn. Some months previously she had been in India, from which far-off country she brought with her a most remarkable story—so remarkable, indeed, that only the personal reputation of the narrator and the one other person concerned entitles it to consideration. The occurrence took place in the house of the narrator's sister at Meccat, northwestern India. The sisters are connected with families of undoubted repute, both in India and England. The narrator's sister was seated at a table reading one evening when, happening to lift her eyes from her book, she was astonished to see seated in a chair before her, and between herself and the door to the bathroom, a man, a stranger to her, who calmly regarded her. It was too great a surprise for her to speak and demand who was thus intruding unbidden upon her privacy, and what was wanted. She remained for a moment in silent astonishment. Then it gradually dawned upon her that at the figure was probably not that of a person of real flesh and blood, but a visitor from the unseen world of life. She remembered having once, as a child, seen a similar figure, under circumstances which seemed to preclude the idea that it was any person still in the body, and in later years, in revolving those circumstances, she had remembered how the apparition had after a little while faded away into invisibility.
Concluding that this visitor also was not a person of flesh and blood, she sat silently gazing at the silent object, while the intruder, whoever or whatever he was, sat also in silence, steadily regarding her. Just how long this state of things lasted the lady did not accurately know, but it was probably not very long, when the mysterious stranger began to vanish into a thinner and thinner personal presence, until in a moment or two he had vanished quite away.
She had been vaguely conscious that in a minute or so after she had first seen the strange visitor two pet dogs had begun to bark furiously in another room. It had been her invariable custom to take a bath at this time in the evening, after which she liberated the dogs. As the animals on this evening were making such a tremendous and unwonted ado she opened the door of the adjoining room to see what was exciting them. They at once darted to the door of the bathroom. This their mistress opened in time to see a huge cobra on the floor—the snake whose bite is certain death. The reptile raised its head angrily, but apparently became afraid of the dogs and wriggled through a hole in the floor and escaped. But for the appearance of the supernatural visitor she would undoubtedly have gone directly to her bath from the reading table and would with equal certainty have been bitten by the snake.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Defender of the Faith."

The missal sent by Leo X. to Henry VIII., together with the parchment conferring upon him the title "Defender of the Faith," was bought a number of years ago for \$50,000 by the German government. The missal and parchment had been given by Charles II. to the ancestor of the famous duke of Hamilton, and the library of this nobleman was sold at auction in London, where the government of Germany bid up the book beyond the reach of all other would-be purchasers.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—The finest needles are about one inch in length. A needle, for sewing with coarse thread, is from one and a half to two inches in length.

DEACONS MADE TO ORDER.

How a Rural Illinois Congregation Was Forced to Act.

Down on the Pecatonica river, in the little town of Harrison, Ill., there has been wild excitement the last month over the trial, the conviction and the incarceration in Joliet prison of Marcus Parmelee, of Rockford. These two towns are 14 miles apart as the crow flies and have many interests in common. The little municipality of Harrison is not as long nor as wide as either Rockford or Chicago, but a village store, a schoolhouse, an inn and a town pump are enough, and serve at least to form the four corners.
About three or four years ago the town of Harrison had no church, the piously inclined being obliged to travel a matter of three or four miles to the nearest meeting house, which belonged to the Methodists.
Harrison began to feel its religious limitations. After much talk over the barrels in the village store and the quilting frames in the best rooms of the homesteads, a mass-meeting was called, where it was found to be not only the wish but the settled intention of the people to build a church without denomination.
The subscriptions were liberal, ground was procured and broken, and soon carpenters and painters had done their worst in the way of the modern village church. However, if not esthetic the edifice was eminently practical and contained a good audience-room, parlors and a kitchen where the esculent canned oyster was to be drowned in the milky way common to all churches. There was also a fine shed where the "bonnies and buggies" were to be hitched, for this was in the anti-bicycle days.
No sooner done than the good people of Harrison discovered that they had a leviathan on their hands in the shape of a broad and liberal Gospel ship, unofficered, manned by no crew, and bound for no port. Another meeting was called, and it was decided that, first and foremost, they must be denominational.
A vote determined that it was the pleasure of the townspeople that their temple become a Congregational one.
The following day, when it was discovered that there were no Congregationalists in the village except two of three women the church question was more muddled than ever.
Plainly nothing could be done until some Congregational timber was made. Accordingly word was sent to Rockford to a sister church, and straightway its pastor and four good brothers went out to Harrison to organize a revival, among the number being Marcus Parmelee, who at that time manifested a special gift as a church worker.
The revival was eminently successful and swept over the town and farm like a smart prairie fire in dry weather. The little church soon had officers and deacons, even to the second choice, and the one new woman of the place, a school director, was not forced to become a pillar of the church as well as of the state. The five good men returned to their homes, and the somewhat conscious, newly-made deacons of the newly-made church joined with a neighboring town in a call to an active young clergyman of their own faith.—Chicago Tribune.

Seeing Right-Side Up.

The lenses of the eye produce on the retina an inverted image of objects looked at, and the question is often asked: "Why do things appear right-side up when their images are wrong-side up?" It occurred to Mr. Stratton, of the University of California, to try the effect of preventing the inversion by means of images on the retina. This was accomplished by means of an optical instrument which excluded from the eyes all light except that which passed through the instrument itself. The instrument was adjusted to the eyes at three o'clock one afternoon, and was not removed (except at night, when the eyes were bandaged) until noon the next day. At first, to the person whose eyes were thus treated, everything seemed topsy-turvy and illusory, and the mind instinctively tried to imagine objects to be in the position in which they ordinarily appear. After a time, however, the feeling of unreality of what was seen passed away, and the person experimented on even began to imagine everything that lay outside his field of vision to be arranged in the same way as what he saw. This goes to show that habit and experience counteract the effect of the inversion of images in the eyes.—Youth's Companion.

Then He Proposed.

They had looked soulfully into each other's eyes for some time, but somehow he didn't seem to come to the point. Then suddenly he made a discovery.
"You have your mother's beautiful eyes," he said.
She felt that the time had come to play her trump card.
"I have also," she said, "my father's lovely cheekbones."
Inside of 30 minutes their engagement was announced.—Chicago Post.

On the Hip.

Tenant—Our house is in a frightful condition, Mr. Quarterday. One of the walls has bulged out three or four inches.
Landlord—Ha! Then the house is larger, and I shall have to raise your rent.—Philadelphia Press.

THE HERALD.

Hazel Green Hearsays & Happenings.

Milt Hager, of Magoffin, was in our midst Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Thompson has been quite sick for a few days.

G. B. Swango was able to go the polls on Monday and vote.

The Wolfe county court of claims is in session at Campton.

Mrs. F. N. Day is able to be up and about her household duties.

Four new boarders at the home this week and six matriculates in school.

Pomp Kendall and Josh Lawson were guests of the Day House Monday night.

Spring has come and with it fishing time and croquet games. Hurrah for both.

J. B. Thompson is now taking an invoice of the logs at the mouth of Stillwater.

The Haut et Bon society will give an entertainment at the academy Friday evening.

Ambrose Nickell is seriously ill at his home at Lee City, but we do not know his malady.

Whistling Billy Swango is buying up a nice bunch of cattle for the Mt. Sterling market.

John H. Taulbee came over from White Oak on business last week and returned Thursday.

Mrs. Lucy Cox Clark, wife of A. P. Clark, is confined to her bed with inflammatory rheumatism.

"Coon" Alexander, the enterprising merchant of Daysboro, was in our town for a few hours Tuesday.

Robert Wills and wife, of Maytown, were visiting his sister, Mrs. F. N. Day, of this place, last Saturday.

Hon. W. O. Mize, who is at Campton, telephoned Tuesday that Milt Hager's majority in this county is 191.

W. H. Rark, a pupil of H. G. A., was called to his home in Magoffin county Sunday, as his mother is quite sick.

Dr. J. M. Kash returned home Monday from White Oak, where he had been to see his daughter, Mrs. Emma May.

Hon. D. S. Godsey, the mill man of Torrent, spent Sunday with his wife and acted as clerk of the election Monday.

T. J. Daniel, of Moorehead academy, was in town last Friday and Saturday. Tom has a hanker after (Pieratt's) H. G. A.

Price Rogers, J. T. Power, Chas. Duff, Fred McCormick and Jim Young made a flying trip to Campton last Saturday.

Messrs. T. J. Daniel, G. B. Pieratt and J. T. Powers, of Ezel, attended the concert at the H. G. A. last Friday night.

Mrs. Belle Godsey contemplates a visit to the blue grass soon. She will visit Mt. Sterling and Lexington, and may start this week.

Rev. Mawn, of the Methodist church, occupied the pulpit at the Christian church on last Sunday evening. His sermon was well taken.

J. Richmond DeBusk, the enterprising merchant at Mize, with his wife, spent Sunday with Mrs. DeBusk's father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. Taulbee.

Mrs. James and her two daughters, Misses Virgie and Etta, who have been quite sick are much better, and we trust will soon be restored to perfect health.

Gordon Wells & Co., who have been running a store on Laurel, in this county, last Monday sold to H. F. Pieratt & Co., of this place, their entire stock and quit business.

Chas. Duff, who has been attending the H. G. A. at this place, left here Monday morning for his home near Spencer, where he will attend to his home duties.

We learn from the Kiddville correspondent to the Winchester Sun that G. C. Williams, who graduated at H. G. A. last year, has gone to Lotta, Mo., to teach school.

Miss Rosa Salyer, a sister of Miss Belle Salyer, who lives with Mr. and Mrs. Mize, arrived here Tuesday evening from Ticktown, in Montgomery county, and will make this her future home.

The program for the teacher's class is at present physiology on Monday, civics on Tuesday, history on Wednesday, arithmetic on Thursday and grammar on Friday. Thirty-two teachers have enrolled in this class.

Miss Fannie Gay Ingels was called home on last Saturday morning, by telegram, to be at the bedside of her mother. She had just started for Torrent when a second telegram came to Wm. H. Cord, stating that her mother was dead. Miss Ingels arrived at her home in Paris about noon Sunday, and her mother was interred on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Ingels' many pupils and friends and acquaintances here deeply sympathize with her in this trying hour, and pray God's strengthening grace to rest upon her. In her absence from the academy Mrs. Cord has charge of the music class.

The attention of our readers is especially directed to an advertisement in today's issue under the caption of "Death." J. R. DeBusk & Co., the enterprising merchants at Mize, Ky., are slaughtering high prices on many articles of household consumption, and in this issue quote a few. A careful perusal of their ad. may save you much if you wish to take advantage of their low prices. Give them a trial and be convinced.

On last Saturday evening a crowd of the Hazel Green and H. G. A. Home young folks betook themselves to the river for a fishing game and "all went merry as a marriage bell" except the poor fish. Oh! Ye Editor! But we must confess that the crowd numbered more than the fish which we caught.

Wm. H. Cord's topics for sermons on Sunday morning and evening are "The Christian's Tripod," at 11 a. m., and "Reasons for Taking the Way of Life," at 7:30 p. m. It is especially desired that all who can be present do so. The Bible class in the Sunday school will study the 15th chapter of Acts.

A telephone message received here Tuesday morning announced the death of Bud Horton, a brother in law of John Evans, who was drowned at the mouth of Frozen creek on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Evans at once left for Campton to be at the funeral.

Quite a number of the pupils of the H. G. A., are away from school this week visiting their homes, while some are attending the elections in Morgan county. Most of the absent ones will return next Monday and remain on duty till June 2.

Bob Dicken, who is at present sojourning at West Liberty, spent Saturday and Sunday visiting friends in Hazel Green. The fact is, there is an attraction for "Mud" in this town that magnetizes him, and he likes to be magnetized.

That hacking cough is undermining your constitution—sapping your strength. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey will cure it. This is one of the most valuable remedies of modern times for coughs, colds and bronchial troubles.

Charles Keyser, who deals trade for C. P. Tracy & Co., the boot and shoe men of Portsmouth, Ohio, passed through here Tuesday en route for Campton, and stated that Morgan county gave Hager 607 majority.

Gordon Wells having sold his store at Handy will start anew at Torrent. Gord is a master man when it comes to dancing or business enterprises. In fact, he's the masterest man we know in both cases.

Mrs. Frank Johnson, of Lacy creek, will please accept the thanks of the editor and his better-half for a nice mess of pie plant or rhubarb. It makes awful good table "sass" this time of the year.

Mrs. Lou Day is beautifying the yard in connection with her hotel with some tastily arranged flower beds in which she will plant flowers of the most beautiful colors and perfume.

Will Colvin, representing Trimble Bros., Mt. Sterling, was interviewing our merchants yesterday on the state of the grocery trade.

The tide Sunday enabled leg men to get out nearly all their timber. J. T. Day succeeded in getting out nearly all of his logs.

Judge Swango, who has been sick for a week or ten days, was able to be on the streets Tuesday, but is still quite feeble.

Crushed corn and cob is now the favorite feed for milk cows in this section. Several of our farmers have crushers.

Edward Taulbee left yesterday for a visit to Breathitt county, in which he will combine business and pleasure.

Jim Finch made a flying trip to Montgomery county Monday and returned Tuesday.

Our friend Nelson Nickell will please accept our thanks for a delicious dish.

W. T. Cuskey made a flying business trip to Campton Tuesday.

THIS is to notify you that if you will pay Cash for goods, H. F. Pieratt & Co. will not be undersold. A trial is all we ask.

SAY!

We are in need of some money. Do you owe us a note or account? If so, call at once and pay part, if not all, and save us the trouble of sending a collector to your house.

YOU MUST HEED THIS CALL!

As we are compelled to raise money to pay for goods you have long since consumed.

Thanking you for past patronage and soliciting your future favors, we remain,

FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE,

PIERATT & CO.,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

NORMAL.

Hazel Green Academy.

PREPARATORY

Cheapest and Best School in Eastern Kentucky.

THE NEXT TERM OF TEN WEEKS WILL BEGIN

MONDAY, MARCH 29, 1897.

A THOROUGH REVIEW

Of the Public School Course will be given. Here is an opportunity to prepare for the Examinations for Teachers' Certificates.

Studies in the Regular Course may be taken without extra cost.

Tuition for the Ten Week, \$5.00. Matriculation, \$1.00. Board, \$20.00.

Enter on the 29th.

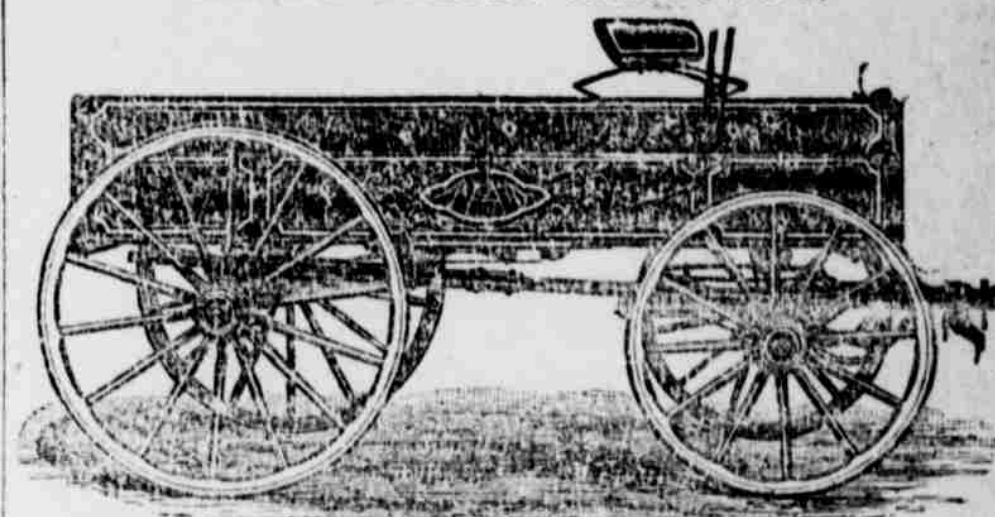
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ROSE & DAVIS

PRACTICAL

BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF BUILDING FARM and ROAD WAGONS, use the Best Material and Guarantee Satisfaction. Call and get our prices, and when you need anything of the kind give me your order. Patronize Home People, get only Honest Work, and be Happy.

IN THE HORSE SHOEING AND REPAIR DEPARTMENT WE employ only skilled labor, every man being an artist in his specialty, and your work is respectfully solicited.

J. M. HAVENS,

PRACTICAL

Jeweler and Watchmaker,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Keeps a full line of Watches, Jewelry, and Spectacles.

Repairing Fine Watches and Gold Spectacles a Specialty.

If you need anything in the Jewelry Line or Fine Silverware, see us. We can save you big money.

DEATH

When it refers to the end of our earthly career has a horrible sound to any but the saintly. But in the sense we use it, it refers to the annihilation of high prices and renders everybody happy, especially in hard times. See our prices on a few staples:

Arbuckle Coffee, 16c	per pound, only.....	APPLES 10c	2-pound can, only.....
Extra "C" Sugar, 6c	per pound, only.....	SEA GRASS ROPE 20c	50 feet 10c.....
Men's Good Brogan Shoes, 95c	As long as they last.....	MEAL SACKS 15c	2-bushel size.....
Ladies' Good G. G. Shoes, 90c	While they last.....	TIN CUPS 10c	Half gallon, quart and pint, all for
SODA 4c	per pound.....	2-Gal. Tin Bucket 15c	For the very low price of...
PIE PEACHES 10c	2 pound can, only.....	All Other Goods in Proportion.	

When you want Bargains you can be gratified by calling on

J. R. DEBUSK & CO.

MIZE, KENTUCKY.

Merchantable Produce taken in Exchange for Goods, otherwise Cash.

Bowling Green Business College

THE GREAT BUSINESS TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE SOUTH.

A School of Business, Shorthand, Penmanship, Telegraphy & Typewriting.

HUNDREDS OF GRADUATES HOLDING FINE POSITIONS. RECOMMENDED BY THE LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF THE COUNTRY. MENTION COURSE WANTED.

CATALOGUE—JOURNAL FREE. *Cherry Bitch, Bowling Green, Ky.*

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THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN. : : : KY.

A FABULOUS SNAKE OF CHINA.

Marco Polo's Report Concerning the Province of Yunnan.

In this country gold dust is found in great quantities; that is to say, in the rivers and lakes, while in the mountains gold is also found in pieces of larger size. Gold is indeed so abundant that they give one saggio of gold for only six of the same weight in silver. And for small change, they use the porcelain shells, as I mentioned before. These are not found in the country, however, but are brought from India.

In this province are found snakes and great serpents of such vast size as to strike fear into those who see them, and so hideous that the very account of them must excite the wonder of those who hear it. I will tell you how long and big they are.

You may be assured that some of them are ten paces in length; some are more and some less. And in bulk they are equal to a great ox, for the bigger ones are about ten palms in girth. The head is very big. The mouth is large enough to swallow a man whole, and is garnished with great pointed teeth. And in short they are so fierce looking and so hideously ugly that every man and beast must stand in fear and trembling of them. There are also smaller ones, such as of eight paces long, and of five, and of one pace only.

The way in which they are caught is this. You must know that by day they live underground because of the great heat, and in the night they go out to feed, and devour every animal they can catch. They go also to drink at the rivers and lakes and springs. And their weight is so great that when they travel in search of food or drink, as they do by night, the tail makes a great furrow in the soil, as if a full tun of liquor had been dragged along. Now, the huntsmen who go after them take them by a certain gin (trap) which they set in the track over which the serpent has passed, knowing that the beast will come back in the same way. They plant a stake deep in the ground and fix on the head of this a sharp blade of steel made like a razor or a lance point, and then they cover the whole with sand so that the serpent cannot see it. Indeed, the huntsman plants several such stakes and blades on the track. On coming to the spot the beast strikes against the iron blade with such force that it enters his breast and rives (cuts) him so that he dies on the spot, and the crows on seeing the brute dead begin to caw, and then the huntsmen know that the serpent is dead, and come in search of him.

This, then, is the way these beasts are taken. Those who take them proceed to extract the gall from the inside, and this sells at a great price; for you must know it furnishes the material for a most precious medicine. Thus if a person is bitten by a mad dog, and they give him but a small pennyweight of this medicine to drink, he is cured in a moment. Again, if one has any disease of the skin and applies a small quantity of this gall he shall speedily be cured. So you see why it sells at such a high price.

They also sell the flesh of this serpent, for it is excellent eating, and the people are very fond of it. And when these serpents are very hungry, sometimes they will seek out the lairs of lions or bears or other large wild beasts, and devour their cubs, without the sire or dam being able to prevent it. Indeed, if they catch the big ones themselves they devour them, too; they can make no resistance.—Noah Brooks, in St. Nicholas.

"Soft Answers."

There is a "soft answer" which does not by any means "turn away wrath." On the contrary, it excites an impotent rage all the more intense because it cannot be expressed.

"How very quiet and dull this winter has been," said Mrs. Hightlyer, who, in her own estimation, was an important member of the smart set.

"O, you won't find it dull or quiet when you really know people," answered her friend and rival, sweetly.

"You have a new gown," said the wife of one partner to the helpmeet of another, whose smart friends gave the former enemy a secret pang of envy.

"O, no," exclaimed the latter, who did not wish to seem extravagant, "I had it all winter."

"But I have never seen you wear it," said the other, incredulously.

"I dare say not, dear," replied her friend, gounded at last into the "soft answer." "I have only worn it at the C's and E's."—Chicago Tribune.

Easy Road to Wealth.

"My dear old friend, how were you able to acquire such an immense fortune?"

"By a very simple method."

"What method was that?"

"When I was poor I made out that I was rich, and when I got rich I made out that I was poor."—Odds and Ends.

A Journalist Meets a Friend.

"Hello, Rysterscramp! What paper are you on now?"

"Sh! Don't speak so loud. I'm on a note for \$15 that's overdue, and that fellow over there is looking for me."—Chicago Tribune.

AN UNFULFILLED PROMISE.

How the People Were "Sold" by the McKinley Crowd.

The general public has become somewhat accustomed to the great disappointment it began to experience shortly after the November election because of the failure of the promised prosperity to materialize, and, as a consequence, we don't hear so much about it now as we did a couple of months ago. It having been settled that the promise of prosperity was nothing more than a bunco game, the people have philosophically set themselves to the task of bearing the hard times and the growing stringency as best they can, satisfied, at least, that they were successfully "worked."

Occasionally, however, we still find expressions of dissatisfaction; sarcastic comments on the gullibility of the public, and caustic references to the grand republican rainbow of promise, in contemplation of which the American people were so easily "sold." Rev. J. C. Hogan, of Forest City, Pa., a Methodist clergyman, who is well known in this city, recently wrote a letter to the Carbonade Leader, bearing on the republican promise of prosperity, and the pith of his communication is found in the following excerpt:

"I am looking for the 'Advance Agent of Prosperity.' Evidently he is lost, stolen or strayed, and I want to send word to the public through your valuable paper."

"A few months ago we were told to vote for 'McKinley and Prosperity.' The undersigned then stated that the people could get McKinley by voting for him, but doubted if this would bring prosperity. To-day reports from the large cities relative to the number of unemployed show that there are over 4,500,000 men out of work. There are 200,000 in New York, 150,000 in Philadelphia, 50,000 in San Francisco, 30,000 in Detroit, 20,000 in Cleveland, 15,000 in Cincinnati, 7,000 in Boston, and so on. During the past few weeks widespread destitution has been reported by the papers."

"Where is the prosperity that was to follow?"

"It will hardly satisfy us to say that McKinley & Co. have not yet gone into business. Why? Because they told us all that was needed to usher in a paradise of prosperity was 'sound money' and 'confidence.' By 'sound money' was meant the 'existing gold standard' that we now have, and immediately after the election ignorant partisans and pulpit orators pointed with pride to the 'great boom in business' as a proof that the announcement of republican success had brought us an overproduction of 'confidence.'"

"But since the late lamented election many private banks, mis-called national, have gone bankrupt, too. Over 30 of these banks at the west failed during the month of December."

"Here in Forest City, preceding the election, many 'patriots' were especially anxious to save the 'honor' of the nation. They held a meeting in the opera house, at which a certain ancient 'statesman' discoursed on the beauties of sound money and confidence. The boys organized and sat up nights to sing for 'McKinley and Protection,' and they are now getting it at the rate of seven days per month. They even tramped in parades with the 'bosses' in command in carriages. And lo! even the 'bosses' have now been played on half time. A thing which has never been known before the advent of the 'Advance Agent of Prosperity.'"

"That 'confidence' game was a success in one way, but fails to work the other way."

"I notice that many of the preachers who so zealously spoke and voted in favor of plutocracy are now asking their pew renters to contribute food and clothes for the support of poverty. It is good to feed the poor, but it is better to work for conditions under which none need be poor. A just social and industrial system would make this possible."

Mr. Hogan gives strong and graphic expression to his estimate of the situation, but his view of the case is not, in other respects, a whit different from the view entertained by the people, who are not saying much, of course, but who are perfectly satisfied that they were "roped in." For it is hardly to be doubted that the promise of prosperity saved the major and his party last November.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

—The Ohio republicans call the Zanesville meeting a "love feast." The emblem of love in Ohio is a knife up the sleeve.—St. Louis Republic.

—As far as can be ascertained at the present juncture, the new tariff scheme most favored by congress is constructed on the old-fashioned, crazy-quilt pattern.—Chicago Record (Ind.).

—The problems of cabinet making are hard enough, when undertaken independently. But when a president has to select a cabinet subject to the approval of state bosses the perplexities are infinitely increased.—Utica Observer.

—Those who are in a position to get in on the ground floor of republican protection are now eagerly looking forward to the 15th of March, when an extra session of congress will begin to rip up and tear up along tariff lines. Prosperity must take a back seat for the present.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

—Good times have not yet come back. The republican party is doing its best to defer their coming by entering upon a general revision of the tariff, the most upsetting and business-destroying occupation in which it could have engaged. The fall elections will give the people an opportunity to pass judgment upon this policy.—N. Y. Times.

—One Mr. Marcus Hanna has been confiding to the benighted public just what sort of a new tariff we are to have. Now will this Mr. Hanna confide to that public what district he represents in the house of representatives, or what state he represents in the United States senate? There is a vague sort of impression that congress makes our tariff laws. Whomell's Hanna, anyhow?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

STICK TO THEIR LIE.

Republicans Adhere to Their Doctrine of Falsehood.

The republican party, as represented by Senator Platt and his organs, appears to be convinced of the correctness of the old proverb: "A lie well stuck to is as good as the truth." Ignoring the well-known fact that, as Senator Cannon says, the ballots counted for McKinley were ostensibly or really for the promotion of an international agreement to secure bimetalism, which the major's platform pledged him to secure if possible, the senator-elect in his maiden speech laid down these propositions:

1. The financial question can be indefinitely postponed.
2. The Wilson law "shut down the mills and reduced the opportunities of labor and the earnings of investment."
3. The deficit was caused by the Wilson law, and the way to wipe it out and to increase the revenues is to pass a higher tariff law.
4. The tariff law must be "based in every schedule" upon the principle of protecting the American manufacturer against foreign competition.
5. The people are clamoring for the new protective and revenue-raising tariff.

Every one of these propositions is false, as all intelligent men are aware. All persons who know anything about the situation of affairs know that (1) the financial question must be settled immediately, and that every month's delay in settling it will make settlement more difficult and costly; that (2) what "shut down the mills," etc., was the appreciating standard of values which has almost destroyed the home market; that (3) the revenues produced by the Wilson bill have been larger than the revenues under the McKinley bill, the difference in favor of 1896 as compared with 1894 being \$36,672,910; that the deficit was caused by the McKinley bill, which was avowedly constructed in order to destroy the surplus, and that, as a general rule, it is true that the higher the duty the smaller the revenue obtained from it; that (4) if the new law, consequently, is to be based upon the principle of protection it will not yield revenue, and if designed to raise revenue it cannot be based on the protection principle, and that (5) the business interests of the country, omitting a few manufacturers and the unworldly combinations in restraint of trade, would do almost anything to avert the continuance of uncertainty which the threat of tariff tinkering has produced.

Doubtless Platt knows these things, too, for Platt is no fool. But the Canton clique is determined to pay no attention to them, and to go ahead discharging its debts to the trusts and manufacturers, and Platt thinks it wise just now to "stand in" with that clique as far as he can in order to get the federal patronage in this state. So he has adopted the clique's tactics and is yelling at the top of his voice for more revenue and protection, in the hope that the noise will dazzle the people and prevent them from recollecting the facts and seeing how preposterous and dishonest the programme is.—N. Y. Journal.

GENEROSITY THAT PAYS.

The Deal Between McKinley and Alger.

When the history of the McKinley campaign is written one of the most interesting chapters will contain the story of how Alger obtained the office of a place in the cabinet.

No one familiar with the career of Michigan's great political plunger was satisfied with the explanation that he was asked to take a seat in the cabinet in order to reconcile Foraker to Hanna's ambition to go to the senate. The story lacked the essential ingredient of an Alger deal; there was no boodle in the bargain.

Far more convincing than the Hanna explanation is the information sent from Chicago that Alger's name occupies a conspicuous place in the list of the wealthy and generous friends of the president-elect who lifted him out of the financial bog into which he was plunged by the Foster failure. It is a fair presumption, also, that Alger's name is in the contribution book of the Hanna syndicate.

Gratitude is a good thing, but is not Maj. McKinley's gratitude for Gen. Alger's generosity too much of a good thing? A glance at the lumber schedule of the Dingley tariff bill shows that the lumber interests, in which the Alger fortune was made, are favored with rich plums. Gratitude stops over when the generous contributor is rewarded with both political honors and the gift of a great deal more money than he paid out. Generosity pays usurious interest when the bread cast on the political waters returns in the form of pie and cake.

Maj. McKinley is said to have all the men who dropped something into his contribution box slated for good things. His gratitude is creditable, but we must protest against his manner of showing it. If he pays all of them as he proposes to pay Gen. Alger, the American people will be bankrupt in honor and pocket.—St. Louis Republic.

—In 1896 we imported more raw wool by \$25,345,804 than in 1894. And we exported more manufactured wool by \$765,274 in 1896 than in 1894. That's how the Wilson law blighted the woolen industry in this city.—Utica Observer.

200 BUS. OATS, 173 BUS. BARLEY.

M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew 200 bushels Salzer's Silver Mine Oats, and John Breider, Mishicott, Wis., 173 bushels Silver King Barley per acre. Don't you believe it? Write them!

Fodder plants as rape, teosinte, vetch, spurry, clovers, grasses, etc., in endless varieties, potatoes at \$1.50 a barrel. Salzer's seeds are bred to big yields. America's greatest seed catalogue and 12 farm seed samples are sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 10 cents, and this notice, worth \$10, to get a start. [K]

Just Right for Him.—"What did you think of our new patrol wagon?" asked the roundsman of his friend who looks for a living. "Great! I was carried away with it."

Cataract Cannot Be Cured

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Cataract Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Cataract. Send for testimonials, free. E. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There was a young maiden named Grace, Once the prettiest girl in the place; But she changed a great deal Since she took to the wheel, For she now has a bicycle face.

—Up to Date.

Florida, Cuba and Jamaica.

A handsome book, 64 pages, beautifully illustrated, descriptive of "the land beyond the frost line," will be sent upon receipt of four cents in stamps by L. A. Bell, Western Passenger Agent Plant System, 312 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill. The Plant System of Railways and Steamship Lines, reach the finest winter resorts in the world.

"If I should die, you would never get another wife who would look after you as I have done." "No, not if I could help it."—Chicago Record.

Comfort.

No smoke, dust or cinders on Queen and Crescent Route limited trains south. Rock ballast. Superior trains, with every comfort. Fast time and the short line from Cincinnati.

She had been looking at herself in the glass. "I suppose I'll get used to it," she said, "but after what we've been through in the last few years these tight sleeves actually make me feel inmodest."—London Figaro.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Abbott, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

Try'g to look like a sheep has never yet produced any wool on the back of a goat.

Cold creeps down the spine, then limbo. St. Jacobs Oil creeps in, then cures.

The world's creed is: "He is the best man who wears the best coat."—Ram's Horn.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

A woman knows as little about a man as she knows about a horse.—Athenian Globe.

A severe cold means soreness, stiffness. Use St. Jacobs Oil—means a prompt cure.

It is a rare man who gets anything but bills and kicks in his letters these days.



When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

A man encourages notoriety in everything except his love affairs.

It's never too cold to cure neuralgia with St. Jacobs Oil. Sure cure.

Whenever a boy says he is not hungry, it is a sign he is polite.

Purify Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



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PISONS CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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A WOMAN'S BODY.

What Its Neglect Leads to. Mrs. Chas. King's Experience.

A woman's body is the repository of the most delicate mechanism in the whole realm of creation, and yet most women will let it get out of order and keep out of order, just as if it were of no consequence.

Their backs ache and heads throb and burn; they have wandering pains, now here and now there. They experience extreme lassitude, that don't care and want-to-be-left-alone feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness and the blues, yet they will go about their work until they can scarcely stand on their poor swollen feet, and do nothing to help themselves.

These are the positive fore-runners of serious womb complications, and unless given immediate attention will result in untold misery, if not death.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will, beyond the question of a doubt, relieve all this trouble before it becomes serious, and it has cured many after their troubles had become chronic.

The Compound should be taken immediately upon the appearance of any of these symptoms above enumerated. It is a vegetable tonic which invigorates and stimulates the entire female organism, and will produce the same beneficial results in the case of any sick woman as it did with Mrs. CHAS. KING, 1815 Rosewood St., Philadelphia, Pa., whose letter we attach:

"I suffered these few lines, thanking you for restoring my health. For twelve years I wrote with pains impossible to describe. I had bearing-down feelings, backache, burning sensation in my stomach, chills, headache, and always had black specks before my eyes. I was afraid to stay alone, for I sometimes had four and five fainting spells a day. I had several doctors and tried many patent medicines. Two years ago I was so bad that I had to go to bed and have a trained nurse. Through her, I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I never had anything give me the relief that it has. I have taken eight bottles, and am now enjoying the best of health again. I can truthfully say it has cured me."

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REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS

SHATTERED FAITH.

Ships of Gospel That Securely Ride the Waves.

Barque Tossed on the Billows, But a Steady Hand Holds the Helm—A Safe Pilot Steers for the Shore—Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon Sunday was "A Shattered Faith," and the text Acts xxvii, 41—"And some on broken pieces of the ship."

Never off Goodwin Sands, or the Skerries, or Cape Hatteras, was a ship in worse predicament than, in the Mediterranean hurricane, was the grain ship on which 276 passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Citta Vecchia. After a two-weeks' tempest, when the ship was entirely disabled, and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel.

He was small, crooked-backed and sore-eyed, according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscarred man aboard. He was no more afraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean sea, now up to the gates of Heaven and now sinking it to the gates of hell, than he was afraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one click of the scissors; nay, not a thread of it, whether it were gray with age or golden with youth. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they never can get to the desired spot, they make the sea on the 14th night black with overthrown cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At day-break they saw a creek, and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddies they had on those old boats and hoisted the mainsail, so that they might come with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes—tumbling toward the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now rolling over to the starboard, now over to the larboard, now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arm's around a mast, he cries: "All is well. God has given me all those that sail with me." Crash! went the prow with such force that it broke off the mast. Crash! went the timbers, till the seas rushed through from side to side of the vessel. She parts amidships and goes into a thousand fragments, and into the waves 276 immortals are precipitated. Some of them had been brought up on the seashore, and had learned to swim, and with their limbs just above the waves and by the strokes of both arms and propulsion of both feet they put out for the beach and reach it. But alas for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long sea sickness.

Oh, what will become of them? "Take that piece of a rudder," says Paul to one. "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another. "Take that image of Castor and Pollux," "Take that plank from the lifeboat," "Take anything and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the breakers! Oh, the merciless waters, how they sweep over the heads of men, women and children! Hold on, there! Almost ashore; keep up your courage. Remember what Paul told you. There, the receding wave on the beach leaves in the sand a whole family. There crawls up out of the surf the centurion. There, another plank comes in, with a life clinging fast to it. There, another piece of the shattered vessel, with its freightage of an immortal soul. They must by this time all be saved. Yes; there comes in, last of all, for he had been overseeing the rest, the old missionary, who wrings the water from his gray beard and cries out: "Thank God, all are here!"

Gather around a fire and call the roll. Paul builds a fire, and when the bundle of sticks begin to crackle, and, standing and sitting around the blaze, the passengers begin to recover from their chill, and the wet clothes begin to dry, and warmth begins to come into all the shivering passengers, let the purser of the vessel go round and see if any of the poor creatures are missing. Not one of the crowd that were plunged into the sea. How it relieves our anxiety as we read: "Some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

Having on previous occasions looked at the other passengers, I confine myself to-day to an examination of those who came in on broken pieces of the ship. There is something about them that excites in me an intense interest. I am not so much interested in those that could swim. They got ashore as I expected. A mile of water is not a very great undertaking for a strong swimmer, or even two miles are not. But I can not stop thinking about those on broken pieces of the ship. The great Gospel ship is the finest of the universe, and can carry more passengers than

any craft ever constructed, and you could no more wreck it than you could wreck the throne of God Almighty. I wish all the people would come aboard of her. I could not promise a smooth voyage, for oftentimes it will be tempestuous or a chopped sea, but I could promise safe arrival for all who took passage on that Great Eastern, so called by me because its Commander came out of the east, the star of the east a badge of His authority.

But a vast multitude do not take regular passage. There theology is broken in pieces, and their life is broken in pieces, and their habits are broken in pieces, and their worldly and spiritual prospects are broken in pieces, and yet I believe they are going to reach the shining shore, and I am encouraged by the experience of those people who are spoken of in the text: "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

One object of this sermon is to encourage all those who can not take the whole system of religion as we believe it, but who really believe something, to come ashore on that one plank.

I do not underrate the value of a great theological system, but where in all the Bible is there anything that says: Believe in John Calvin and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in Arminius and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in Synod of Dort and thou shalt be saved? or, believe in the Thirty-nine Articles and thou shalt be saved? A man may be orthodox and go to hell, or heterodox and go to Heaven. The man who in the deep affection of his heart accepts Christ is saved, and the man who does not accept him is lost.

I believe in the Heidelberg and Westminster Catechisms, and I wish you all did; but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea, that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship I would rather have you get aboard, but if you can only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are to-day kept out of the Kingdom of God because they can not believe everything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me: "I can not believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repentance after death." I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death, when he has a good chance before death, is a stark fool? Had not you better take the plank that is thrown to you now and head for shore, rather than wait for a plank that may by invisible hands be thrown to you after you are dead? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sins offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now, I instantly take them, rather than run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can peel off or twist out of a Scripture passage that has for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way." You say, "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology." I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great siegeworks of ecclesiastical battle. But I do ask you to take the one plank of the Gospel that you do believe in, and strike out for the pearl-strung beach of Heaven.

Says some other man: "I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up." Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them; for I say to myself: "If I love Christ and live a good, honest, useful life, I am elected to be saved; and if I do not love Christ, and live a bad life, I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe can not make it any different." I floundered along while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night when they threw the grain overboard, but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore ever since.

While I am talking to another man about his soul he tells me: "I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any hell at all." Ah! don't you? Do all the people of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals, go straight to a happy Heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and burglar meet; they both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies in five minutes and the owner of the house lives a week after; will the burglar be at the gate of Heaven, waiting, when the house owner comes in? Will the debauchee and libertine go right in among the families of Heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the river of life with the children he massacred? I wonder if Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth are up there shooting at a mark? I do not now controvert it, although I must say that for such a miserable Heaven I have no admiration. But the Bible does not say: "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you from loving and serving

Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get ashore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere, from that which others adopt, but you are not, therefore, hindered from action. Because your theory of light is different from others, do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different, you do not refuse to acknowledge the north star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to bring you to wharfrage, you have at least a plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I don't believe in revivals!" Then go to your room, and all alone, with your door locked, give your heart to God, and join some church where the thermometer never gets higher than 50 in the shade.

"But I do not believe in baptism!" Come in without it and settle that matter afterward. "But there are so many inconsistent Christians!" Then come in and show them by a good example how professors should act.

"But I don't believe in the Old Testament!" Then come in on the New. "But I don't like the Book of Romans." Then come in on Matthew or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ whom you admit to be the Saviour of the lost, because you can not admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Mediterranean tempest, and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the pieces of the broken ship. I hear him say: "I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When can I get the windlass in the right place, and the sail set, and that keel-piece where it belongs, and that floor timber right, and these ropes untangled, I will go ashore. I am an old sailor, and I know all about ships for 40 years and as soon as I can get the vessel afloat in good shape I will come in." A man drifting by on a piece of wood overhears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I can not swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the offing, while trying to mend his ship, goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. O, my brother, let your smashed-up system of theology go to the bottom, while you come in on a splintered spar! "Some on broken pieces of the ship!"

You may get all your difficulties settled as Garibaldi, the magnetic Italian, got his gardens made. When the war broke out he was living at Caprera, a very rough and uncultured island home. But he went forth with his sword to achieve the liberation of Naples and Sicily, and gave 2,000,000 people free government, under Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, after being absent two years from Caprera, returned, and when he approached it he found that his home had, by Victor Emmanuel, as a surprise, been Edenized. Trimmed shrubbery had taken the place of thorny thickets, gardens the place of barrenness, and the old rookery in which he once lived had given way to a pictured mansion. And I tell you if you will come and enlist under the banner of our Victor Emmanuel, and follow him through thick and thin, and fight his battles and endure his sacrifices, you will find after awhile that he has changed your heart from a jungle of thorny skepticism into a garden all abloom with luxuriant joy that you have never dreamed of. From a tangled Caprera of sadness into a paradise of God.

I do not know how your theological system went to pieces. It may be that your parents started you with only one plank, and you believe little or nothing. Or they may have been too rigid and severe in religious discipline, and cracked you over the head with a psalm book. It may be that some partner in business who was a member of an evangelical church played on you a trick that disgusted you with religion. It may be that you have associates who have talked against Christianity in your presence until you are "all at sea," and you dwell more on things that you do not believe than on things you do believe. You are in one respect like Lord Nelson, when a signal was lifted that he wished to disregard, and he put his sea-glass to his blind eye and said: "I really do not see the signal." Oh, my hearer, put this field-glass of the Gospel no longer to your blind eye, and say, "I can not see," but put it to your other eye of faith, and you will see Christ, and He is all you need to see.

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarious suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. The steamship Knickerbocker, of the Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great storms, and the captain and crew saw the schooner Mary D. Cranmer, of Philadelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the waves mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a life boat to save the crew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of danger, the wind shifting so that the schooner was saved. But the five men of the steam-

ship coming back, their boat capsized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ice. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line was throwna poor fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not grasp it, and a great wave rolled over them, and they went down, never to rise again till the sea gives up its dead.

Appreciate that heroism and self-sacrifice of the brave fellows all who can, and can not appreciate the Christ who put out into a more biting cold and into a more overwhelming surge, to bring us out of infinite peril into everlasting safety? The wave of human hate rolled over Him from one side and the wave of hellish fury rolled over Him on the other side. Oh, the thickness of the night and the thunder of the tempest into which Christ plunged for our rescue.

Come in on one narrow beam of the cross. Let all else go and cling to that; put that under you, and with the earnestness of a swimmer struggling for his life, put out for shore. There is a great warm fire of welcome already built, and already many, who were as far out as you are, are standing in its genial and heavenly glow. The angels of God's rescue are wading out into the surf to clutch your hand, and they know how exhausted you are, and all the redeemed prodigals of Heaven are on the beach with new white robes to clothe all those who come in on broken pieces of the ship.

My sympathies are for such all the more because I was naturally skeptical, disposed to question everything about this life and the next, and was in danger of being further out to sea than any of the 276 in the Mediterranean breakers, and I was sometimes the annoyance of my theological professor because I asked so many questions. But I came in on a plank. I knew Christ was the saviour of sinners, and that I was a sinner, and I got ashore, and I do not propose to go out on that sea again. I have not for 39 minutes discussed the controverted points of theology in 30 years, and during the rest of my life I do not propose to discuss them for 39 seconds.

I would rather, in a mud scow, try to weather the worst cyclone that ever swept up from the Caribbean than risk my immortal soul in useless and perilous discussions in which some of my brethren in the ministry are indulging. They remind me of a company of sailors standing on the Ramsgate pier head, from which the lifeboats are usually launched, and coolly discussing the different style of oarlocks and how deep a boat ought to set in the water while a hurricane is in full blast, and there are three steamers crowded with passengers going to pieces in the offing. An old tar, the muscles of his face working with nervous excitement, cries out: "This is no time to discuss such things! Man the life-boat! Who will volunteer? Out with her into the surf! Pull, my lads! Pull for the wreck! Ha! ha! Now we have them! Lift them in and lay them down in the bottom of the boat. Jack, try to bring them to. Put these flannels around their hands and feet, and I will pull for the shore. God help me! There! Landed! Huzza!" When there are so many struggling in the waves of sin and sorrow and wretchedness, let all else go but salvation for time and salvation forever.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

New York unionists want a state printing office established.

Five years' penal servitude was the sentence imposed on a bicycle thief in England.

The czar of Russia has reduced the working day throughout his dominions from 18 and 19 hours to 11½ hours for day workers and nine hours for night men.

The district court of appeals at Washington has directed the distribution among the heirs-at-law of one-half the estate of the late Judge Joseph Holt.

The American hog seems to have been vindicated in Germany, and it looks as if our hog products would soon enjoy again full admission to that country.

The bill to prevent the carrying of obscene books and indecent articles by express companies passed the house, and has gone to the president for his signature.

Ohio has 103,000 pensioners, who draw \$15,000,000 a year. Ohio furnished 319,659 union soldiers. New York furnished 467,047, yet Ohio has 16,000 more pensioners on the roll than New York.

Col. A. M. Coffey, of Knob Noster, Mo., has passed his 93d year. He was a member of the Missouri legislature in 1851 and of the Kansas legislature in 1855. Coffey county, Kansas, was named after him.

When the Siberian railway is completed a trip around the world can be made in 40 days, barring accidents, by land and sea. This does not equal Puck's feat of putting a girdle round the earth in 40 minutes, but that record was beaten when the first cable and telegraphic girdle was finished.

M. GASTON PARIS, of the Academie Française, has struck a deadly blow against Germany, in declaring that many of Wagner's plots are not German. Tannhauser is an Italian legend of the fourteenth century. Lohengrin is French, while Parsifal and Tristan, as is well known, are Celtic tales from the King Arthur cycle.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Rev. Mr. Skylark has had a \$5,000 call." "Whew! From New York?" "No, from the teacher of the infant class, who says he promised to marry her."—Plain Dealer.

"Daughter—"George says he fears he can't support me in the style I'm accustomed to." Father—"Marry him anyhow. I can't keep it up much longer myself."—London Figaro.

"Maybelle—"And why were you present at the marriage? Were you directly interested in the event?" Jack—"No, not directly. I was merely the bridegroom."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"The Real Styles."—"I was downtown to-day looking at the new styles." "But isn't it rather early, my dear, for the spring goods to be in?" "Who is talking about spring goods? I mean wheels."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Well, sir—" The secretary of the navy turned to the master of the shipyard. "Is the new war vessel a success?" "O, yes, sir," said the man. "She sank right to the bottom the minute she slid off the ways."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Doesn't your daughter dance?" inquired the hostess. The lady addressed looked around at the tall, anaemic girl against the wall. "Not unless she's asked," she somewhat frigidly replied. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"It," said the grinning savage, as he turned the machine gun on the discomfited Christian civilizers, squinted along the barrel, got the range, straightened himself up, and set one of his followers to turning the crank, "is a poor Maxim that won't work both ways."—Indianapolis Journal.

PUTTING HORNS ON A VIPER.

Faked Animals That Successfully Fool the Public.

The "painted sparrow" trick, by which simple people are inveigled into buying a worthless bird, in the belief that they are purchasing a rare foreign songster, is well known. It is, perhaps, the most flagrant example practiced in this country of the art of preparing animals for sale, so that they may appear other than they are. Strange stories are also told of the misdirected ingenuity—sometimes accompanied by cruelty—employed in "faking" animals for exhibition in order to deceive the judges and secure for the birds or beasts exhibited prizes to which, on their merits, they would not be entitled. But all the stories of "faked" birds, dogs and cats fade into insignificance when compared with the sublime audacity of the genius who fitted one of the cerastes vipers now in the reptile house of the Zoological gardens, Regents' park, with a pair of artificial "horns."

It is well known that in the males—and also in some females—of this deadly African snake there is, a little above the eye, a hornlike process covered with scales, which accounts for their popular name of "horned vipers." Presumably, native collectors obtain a higher price for these reptiles when the "horns" are present than is paid by the dealers for specimens without these adornments; for the story is current that art has often covered the deficiencies of nature, and supplied "horns" to reptiles which would otherwise have been hornless. One of the horned vipers now in the Zoological gardens shows that there is some foundation for the tale. Two small spines—perhaps those of a hedgehog or the tips of porcupine quills—have been deftly inserted in the skin of the venomous reptile in the place where the true "horns" ought to be. The fraud must have been attended with considerable danger to the perpetrator. It could have been no easy matter to hold a venomous snake to make two incisions in the skin, and to insert the spines therein. It was probably done while the neck of the viper was held between the index finger and thumb of the left hand, thus leaving the right hand free for the insertion of the spines.

Directly the attention of the visitor is drawn to the fact by the keeper of the reptile house, the difference between the true and false "horns" is so startling that one is surprised that the fraud escaped detection for a moment. As may be seen from other specimens in the same case, the true horns harmonize with the coloring of the scales of the head, and bend backwards in a gentle curve, while the false ones show dark and light bands; stand up almost vertically from the head, and slope slightly outward from base to tip. It is said that such frauds are by no means rare. This, however, is probably the first instance of a cerastes viper fitted with false "horns" having found its way into the zoological collection of a learned society.—London Standard.

With the Conversation Left Out.

Barber (to stranger)—How would you like your shave? Close?

Customer—Yes; close-mouthed.

And for the space of half an hour it was so still in that tonsorial establishment that one could almost hear the hair growing on the outside of the sample bottle of hair tonic in the front window.—N. Y. Tribune.

Took Him at His Word.

Auctioneer—And now, ladies and gentlemen, what bid do I hear for the massive gold-mounted Carrara marble Eiffel tower movement mantelpiece, worth at the lowest, paltriest figure, ten dollars? Did I hear ten dollars? Voice in the crowd—I said ten cents. "Going—going—gone."—N. Y. Tribune.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

gestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

LATE STATE NEWS.

Mary Ellen Brown, a Scott county negro girl, has qualified a notary public.

Green river was higher at Munfordsville last week than at any previous time in its history.

It is said that the roads in Harlan county are so bad that the candidates can not fill their engagements.

The tax rate for 1897 for the city of Lexington has been fixed at \$1.20 on the \$100, by the general council.

Frank Cambren, aged 19, was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for housebreaking. This is his second term.

In Breckenridge county a turkey was struck by lightning and the feathers cleaned off as nicely as if it had been picked.

Since the courts have decided that banks must pay taxes on their capital stock, quite a number of them are reducing it.

By the death of an uncle in Cincinnati, Henry Wesselman, of Paris, inherited \$16,000. Wesselman had been driving a milk wagon.

John Leavill, a wealthy young farmer, died at his home, near Trenton, of lock-jaw, caused by having accidentally smashed his finger.

At a church fair, near Adairville, Rev. Charles Warder, a colored preacher, shot and killed Charles Smith, colored, who was raising a disturbance.

The boiler of a sawmill, at Augusta, exploded, instantly killing Calvert Boone and J. R. Tucker, and fatally injuring three other men, all employees.

Amos Riggs, murderer of W. R. Boyd and son, of Mt. Gilead, was arrested in Ohio, but was brought back and is now behind the bars of Maysville jail.

Samuel Hotopp, a prominent saloonist of Louisville, overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his wife, placed a pistol in his mouth and blew the top of his head off.

James Landrum, a Trigg county farmer, committed suicide by blowing his head off with a shot gun. He had recently showed signs of mental derangement.

John Hodges and William Minks, rivals in a love affair, fought a duel with revolvers near Barboursville. Hodges was fatally wounded and Minks escaped unharmed.

The taxable property of the state has decreased about \$90,000,000 and to meet current expenses a bill has been introduced in the legislature increasing the tax rate 10 cents.

Lightning struck a stable in Ohio county, passed through the hay loft, made a hole in the floor and killed a horse in the stable beneath, but strange to say did not set anything on fire.

Mrs. Christian Landenburg, an aged German woman, of Webster county, died in a peculiar way. She lighted her pipe, inhaled the blaze, and was injured internally, dying about four hours afterward.

At Lancaster a couple aged respectively 76 and 67 years were married recently after a courtship of more than thirty years. This is their first matrimonial venture, and they are as happy as two cooling doves.

The wife of Bud Lamb, colored, was fatally burned on the farm of R. A. Daniel, near Olmstead, in Logan county. Her clothes were all burned from her body, but it is not known how they ignited, as no one else was in the room at the time.

Judge Jas. R. Jewell, of Lexington, died last week at the age of fifty-eight. He was the originator of the famous aphorism, "Politics is hell." He was prominent in local politics and was for years police judge of Lexington. He leaves one child, Wilber Jewell, well known in racing and sporting circles.

Wednesday night of last week Milton Franklin, sentenced for life for the murder of Tom Stafford; Tom Moore, confined for the murder of Reynolds, in Floyd county, who were held for safe-keeping, and George Pennington, charged with horse stealing, escaped from the county jail at Paintsville by sawing three bars of the steel cell leading to the corridor and overpowering the jailer when he came in to give them supper.

Wash Miller, president of the Citizens' National Bank of Winchester, owns a deer park and about eighty deer. He says that the bucks shed their horns annually in February, and the new ones begin to grow about May. If the old horns are not gathered soon after falling they are destroyed by squirrels and field mice.

The postoffice at Mt. Vernon was entered by burglars and the cash drawer rifled of all its contents. The haul was a pretty good one, as the thieves got about \$300 in cash and a lot of stamps and valuables. The office was robbed last November also of something over a hundred dollars. Indications are that the same thief did both jobs.

One of the most horrible accidents to befall a child occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William McGovern, Victoria. Mrs. McGovern had left the house for a few moments, and while away, her little daughter, Mattie, attempted to lay a piece of wood on the fire. In doing so her clothes ignited. She was terribly burned, and died in a few hours.

On the fourth day of March, Mr. Jonathan Blakey, of Esto, Russell county, gave a dinner to celebrate the sixtieth birthday of himself, the thirty-fourth birthday of his son, Orlanda Blakey, and the eighth birthday of his grandson, and more than sixty people partook of the dinner. As seen from the ages of the above named people there is exactly to a day twenty-six years difference in the ages of old man Blakey and his son, and the same number of years difference of Mr. Orlanda Blakey and his son. We doubt if there is a similar case anywhere. —Columbia Spectator.

To Cure Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Depreciation of Property.
As illustrative of the fearful depreciation of property and the general hard times, one of our attorneys a day or two ago related the following:

About four years ago a man bought a horse for \$100, executing his note in payment therefor, a mortgage also being retained on the animal. When the note fell due he was unable to pay it, and gave a new note with personal security, the interest being added. At the maturity of the second note the man found himself worse off than before, and the rapidly increasing debt was fixed up by a mortgage on six horses and a mowing machine. When the third time for payment came around money matters were even worse than ever. After waiting a reasonable time the mortgage was foreclosed. One of the horses had died in the meantime, and the other five, four of which were better than the one originally purchased, and the mowing machine were sold for only half enough to pay the debt! —Owenton Herald.



Upon Every Bottle

and wrapper of the genuine Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is printed the above design. It is both trade-mark and guarantee—a warrant that the medicine contained in the bottle will cure coughs, colds and all lung, throat and chest troubles more quickly and effectually than any other remedy.

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey

is sold by all druggists or sent upon receipt of price—25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle by The E. S. Sutherland Medicine Co., Paducah, Ky.

While making an excavation in a mound, near his house, Wm. Oldham, of Waco, dug up two human skeletons. Spear heads, arrows and other Indian relics were found with the bodies, all inclosed by a wall of crude masonry. They are supposed to be remains of Indians slain by the early pioneers.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail mention THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD and send your full postoffice address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer. 22

THE NEW WAY.



WOMEN used to think "female diseases" could only be treated after "local examinations" by physicians. Dread of such treatment kept thousands of modest women silent about their suffering. Their introduction of Wine of Cardui has now demonstrated that nine-tenths of all the cases of menstrual disorders do not require a physician's attention at all. The simple, pure

Wine of Cardui

taken in the privacy of a woman's own home insures quick relief and speedy cure. Women need not hesitate now. Wine of Cardui requires no humiliating examinations for its adoption. It cures any disease that comes under the head of "female troubles"—disordered menses, falling of the womb, "whites," change of life. It makes women beautiful by making them well. It keeps them young by keeping them healthy. \$1.00 at the drug store.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

W. L. ADDISON, M.D., Cary, N.C., says: "I use Wine of Cardui extensively in my practice and find it most excellent preparation for female troubles."

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Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Avon.....	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester.....	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Fairlie.....	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian Fields.....	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City.....	8 19 am	11 40 am
Stanton.....	8 10 am	11 20 am
Filson.....	7 55 am	10 48 am
Dundee.....	7 43 am	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge.....	7 38 am	10 07 am
Torrent.....	7 24 am	9 35 am
Beatty's Jc.....	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three F's C.....	6 53 am	8 00 am
Athol.....	6 32 am	7 18 am
Elkatawa.....	6 08 am	6 30 am
Jackson.....	6 00 am	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Avon.....	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester.....	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Fairlie.....	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian Fields.....	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City.....	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Stanton.....	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Filson.....	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee.....	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge.....	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Torrent.....	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beatty's Jc.....	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
Three F's C.....	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Athol.....	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkatawa.....	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson.....	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

J. R. BARR, Gen'l Manager.

CHAS. SCOTT, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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